A New Yorker's Odd Fight to Keep From Winning the Girl of His Heart

BY EARL DERR BIGGERS

MS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The door stammed. O'Nelli looked

"Dreams!" he muttered, "or the D.

T.'s. What is this, a comic opera or town? You are managing editor, zry. I shall be city editor. Is ere a city to edit? No matter." "No," said Howe. He reached for the greasy pack of cards. "Wo draw for it. Come on. High wine."

"Jack," announced Mr. O'Nelll. "Deuce," smiled Howe. "What are

They looked up suddenly ten minutes later to find a man standing between them. He was a little man. ciad all in white, suit, shoes, stockings. His sly old face was a lemon yellow, and his eyes suggested lights faming in the dark woods at night.

"Beg pardon," said the little man.

"Ab, and what can we do for you?" incurred O'Neill.

the Mail."
"I merely dropped in. I am Manuel Gonsale, owner of the Mail."
"Good lord!" cried O'Neill.
"Do not be disturbed. I take it you gentlemen have replaced Mears and Elliott. I am glad. Let them go. You look like bright young men to me—utite bright enough. I em-

Rose's arrival and asking for information about her. Next he sought an interview with the Galety lady.

An hour later in a pink and gold

then."

In another minute she began to sing—softly—a plaintive little love song, and in spite of himself Minot felt his heart beat faster. She teaned forward and sang at Minot as she had sung at Harrowby five years before: You could love me just a little-if you

could feel your heart go pita-pat Really, she had a way with her!

"Dear, it's easy if you try; Cross your heart and hope to die Don't you love me just a little—now Don't you love me just a little—nous?"

That baby stare in all its pathos, all its appealing helplessness, was focused full on Minot. He gripped the arms of his chair. Gabrielle Rose saw. Had she made another captive? So it seemed. She felt very kindly toward the world.

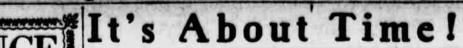
"Promise." Minot leaned ever. His voice was hoarse. "You'll meet me here at four. Quite aside from my errand—quite aside from everythins—I want to see you again."

"Do you really?" She continued to hum beneath her breath. "Very well—here at four."

"And"—he hesitated, fearing to

think only of—4 o'clock."

Minot was at sea as to what he was going to do at 4 o'clock. Of what good was the delay if he could not make use of it? And at the moment he hadn't the slightest notion of what he could do to prepare himself for the afternoon interview. He must wait for Jephson's cable—perhaps that would give him an idea.



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By Robert Minor



"And"— he hesitated, fearing to, which ten was served of an afternoon. "He's got his nerve—working a break the spell. "In the mean time"—

"In the mean time," she said. "Til this Minot strolled, to finish his same like that," said Minot.

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"Nerve—not at all," replied Harthink only of—4 o'clock."

"Nerve—not at all," replied Harthink only of—4 o'clock." cigar and ponder the day's developments in the drama he was playing.

As he drew a comfortable chair from as anybody that the last thing I'd do moonlight into shadow he heard a literate would be to appeal to the police. Too tile gasp at his elbow, and turning, behald a beautiful vision.

"Nerve—not at all, I'vision to work as a child in its own nursery. He knows as well as anybody that the last thing I'd do would be to appeal to the police. Too much publicity down that road. Well, have you any suggestion:?"

go. You look like bright young men to me—quite bright enough. I emake the manage of the me—quite bright enough. I emake the meaning of the me

O'Neill. "The free trial is over and we've got to send the mattress back to the factory. Here in this hollow lotus land, ever to live and lie reclined—I was putting welcome on the mat for a fate like that. Back to the factory and the mat for a fate like that. Back to the road for us. That human fish over in the Chronicle office was a prophet.

Gonzale turned on him with an evil you? Will a duck swim? A good Trimmer."

"There is not any such boat!" fared to the largest of San "Thurry!" cried Minot. "Look!"

He pointed to the largest of San "Thurry!" cried Minot. "Look!"

Marco's piers. The moon was lost Trimmer."

Just as well that the three shivesness with the Mail." He turned to lights on the water-front revealed a ing figures hadded in the largest of t

ly. "We had to have it, Bob. It means New York."

"Yes." O'Neill pondered. "Butthat good-looking young feilow, Harry—the one who apologised to us for calling us blackmailers"—

"Yes?"

"I'd hats to meet him on the street to-morrow. Five days. A lot could happen in five days"—

"What are your orders, Chief?" asked Hows.

At that moment Minet, followed by Paddock, was rushing triumphantly into the Harrowby suits. He threw down on the table a package of letters.

"There they are!" he cried, "I"—
He stopped.

"Thanks," said Lord Harrowby wildly, "Thanks a thesisand times. My dear Minot—we need you. My man has been to the theatre—Trimmer is organising a mob to board the Lileth?"

"Board the Lileth?"

"Yes—to search for that creature who calls himself Lord Harrowby."

"Come on, Jack," Minot said to Paddock. They ran down several flights of stairs, through the lobby, and out into the street.

"Where to?" panted Paddock.

"The harbor!" Minot eried.

"As they passed the opera house they saw a crowd forming and heard the buss of many voices.

CHAPTER XIII.

"It lake it you chape believe me to be an impector, just as Alica deed. Well, I'm sot. And I'm geing to give you my little talk on the old days at Rakedale Hall. When I've heard all that once."

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"No, you're not," said Minot. "The Maryor, the Chief of Peiles.

"My dear George," said Minot with resting and the lobby, and out into the street.

"Pleasant thought," commented Paddock. "Mrs. Bruce would have to develop lockjaw at the height of the social season."

Slyly the little launch point in the place of the interest of it."

"It has it you chape ables.

"It has it you chape ables.

"It has it you chape alles.

"It has it you chape alles.

"It has it you chape believe me to well.

The hard was a limes.

The hard on the thest on the old days at the black and in the land.

"The har

"And On the Ships at Sea." R. PADDOCK knew of a man

a gasoline launch to rent, and fortunately it happened to be in commission. The two young men leaped into it, Paddock started the engine, and they slipped with reassuring speed over the dark waters toward the lights of the light on the Lileth.

Lileth's vision.

"Trimmer must go soon," cried Minot.

Fifteen minutes passed in eleguent ellence. The lightning and the thunder continued.

"Try it again," Minot suggested.

Again they peoped. And still no red.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

all sorts of injustice and wron I've lived to experience the myself."

"That? That's only thunder. On the Ships at Sea."

L. PADDOCK knew of a man increased. Hastily Paddock backed on the water-front who had the boat from the range of the Lileth's vision.

Trimmer must go soen," cris

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